

**you look lovely
today**

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Summary:

Someone leaves a nice note in Stan's locker.

Someone also gives roses to Stan.

And Stan knows well enough who that someone is.

you look lovely today

Stan Uris has had a long and stressful day. He's been suffering from a headache since morning, and the fact that he had to sit next to Richie in social studies and listen to him ask the teacher stupid questions definitely hadn't helped.

But finally, when the bell rings, the shrill sound drilling into Stan's skull, he is free. Richie sprints from his chair, probably heading to find Bev so can they can smoke together before going home. That happens every Friday.

Stan walks alone, holding his books to his chest. Students run around, talking to each other, excited about their plans for the weekend. Stan doesn't yet know what he's going to do. Most likely, the Losers would end up doing something together. Eddie has a new bike - he's been obsessed with it, much to his mother's dislike. Eddie even claims the bike was faster than Bill's Silver - Eddie and Bill had been racing the whole week, making the others watch. They'd probably continue on the weekend.

Stan walks over to his locker, which is next to Ben's, but Stan doesn't see Ben, meaning he's either already left or caught up with something. He puts in the combination, which he changes every monday, and when the door opens, he sees something that's not supposed to be there.

A note.

This isn't the first time someone has left a note in his locker. The cracks are pretty large - it's easy to slip notes through them. Richie was constantly leaving notes in the Losers' lockers, mostly bad jokes and drawings of dicks. Those were actually the nicest notes Stan got - people wrote rude things to him. Stan remembers that a couple of weeks ago he had opened his locker, and a note had fell out, landing on the floor next to Richie's feet. Richie had picked it up, turning scarlet from anger. He hadn't even let Stan read it, opting to shred it to million pieces. Stan knew well enough what it had said.

Therefore Stan is wary, taking the note, chewing his lip, nervous of

what it may contain.

Do not take those notes seriously, Stanley, his father had said, when Stan had showed him some of the rude ones, tears in his eyes. Throw them away, don't even read them.

Something makes him open the note. A smile appears instantly on his face when he reads the words, written in familiar cursive that's messy, but still pretty.

Turquoise is your color. You look lovely today.

Stan glances down at his turquoise button up, blushing. Carefully, he slips the note between the pages of one of his books. Then he packs them all away, and heads home, smile on his lips.

When Stan steps out of the school doors, Eddie Kaspbrak approaches him. He's holding roses.

"Um, Eddie?" Stan asks, puzzled, when Eddie hands the roses to him.

"These are not from me," Eddie states, "Katrina Simms gave them to me, but they're not from her either. She said that a cute boy gave them to her, and told her to give them to you. She gave them to me because she knew I was your friend."

Stan stares at the roses. They're perfect, of nice burgundy color.

"Anyway," Eddie sighs, "I'd better get home before Mom gets worried. See you!"

Then Eddie is gone, leaving Stan alone, clutching the roses.

He touches the velvety petals, and smiles to himself. He thinks back to the note. *A cute boy.*

At home, Stan finds his mother in the living room, reading a magazine while the radio plays in the background.

"Hi, Mom!" Stan says, and his mother lifts her head, eyes lighting up as she spots the roses.

“Where did you get those, Stanley?” she asks, standing up. “Are they for me?”

“No,” Stan says, blushing again, “They’re for *me*.”

Andrea Uris goes to the kitchen, and returns with an empty vase half filled with water. She picks the roses from her son’s hands and arranges them in the vase, then setting them on the table.

“Come sit next to me, and tell me everything,” she says once she’s sat down again, patting the empty space next to her. Stan sits on the edge of the couch, folding his hands in his lap, waiting for his mother to ask him something.

“So, Stanley, is this the first time you’ve received roses?” she asks.

“Yes,” Stan answers quietly, looking at the roses fondly.

“Who gave them to you?” is his mother’s next question.

“Mike,” Stan says, the blush on his cheeks reddening. His fingers twitch in his lap.

“Mike?” his mother says, clearly surprised, “Stanley, do you mean Michael Hanlon?”

Stan nods. His mother is confused, asking, “Why would he give your roses?”

Sighing deeply, and finally lifting his head to face his mother, Stan answers, “Because he’s my boyfriend.”

It’s quiet, except for the soft song playing on the radio. Stan’s heart is in his throat, hammering. He stares at his mother, but cannot tell what she’s thinking. Then, finally, Andrea Uris smiles gently.

“Lovely of him to give you roses,” she comments, and Stan feels *light*.

For two weeks, Stan and Mike have been together - ever since they kissed in the Barrens, and Richie had almost walked in on them. The next day, during recess at school, Mike had asked Stan to be his boyfriend, and Stan had said yes. He had been having a crush on

Mike for *months*, and still couldn't believe the feelings were reciprocated.

"Mom, is it okay..." Stan says awkwardly, but his mother beats him to it,

"That Michael Hanlon is your boyfriend? Of course it is, honey! I like Michael. I like him a lot."

"But he's a *boy*," Stan says desperately.

His mother suddenly turns more serious, taking Stan's hand into both of hers. "Stanley," she begins, looking into her son's eyes, "It doesn't matter. And no matter what *anyone* says, there's nothing wrong with you. There's nothing wrong with liking boys."

Stan has to blink tears from his eyes. He squeezes his mother's hand, and smiles. His mother smiles back, tucking a stray curl behind Stan's ear.

They're interrupted by the doorbell ringing. Andrea Uris pats her son's shoulder, and gets up to open it. She returns to the living room soon.

"It's your boyfriend," she says, causing Stan to blush once again.

"Mom!" Stan hisses, rushing past her. She hadn't lied - Mike is standing in the hallway.

"Ask him if he wants to stay for dinner!" his mother shouts after them, as Stan is ushering Mike upstairs.

They go to Stan's room, holding hands and grinning at each other. Stan feels giddy.

He's the happiest he's ever been.

"So," Mike says, chewing his lip nervously, "Did you get them?"

"Do you mean the roses, or the roses *and* the note?" Stan chuckles. It's Mike's turn to blush. "Yes, I got them," Stan continues softly, stepping closer and kissing Mike's chin. "Thank you, Mikey. You're

the best boyfriend ever.”

Mike gives Stan a radiating smile, and a proper kiss on the lips. “No, Stan, *you’re* the best boyfriend ever.”

They fall silent, Stan staring down at their joined hands. “I told my mother about us today,” he confesses, scared of Mike’s reaction.

Mike only caresses Stan’s knuckles. “I told my mother about us today, too,” Mike replies, “She helped me pick the flowers.”

They look at each other, smiling softly. Stan is full of butterflies. He wants to fall forward into Mike’s arms, and stay there forever.

“I think we should tell the other Losers,” Stan says after a moment of silence.

“Yes,” Mike agrees, “It’s about time. Besides, I’m almost sure Bev is onto us.”

Author’s Note:

i've been wanting to write a stanlon fic for ages so here it is!!

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